

my greatest fund of hints as to dramatic expression of human emotion is in the theater itself. I try to see everything worth while that is produced. From the best actors I learn both what to do and what to avoid doing.

Such tangible lessons in front of you teach you much, just as in a speaking part it often helps to hear someone else read your lines. You thus find out how they sound and what they need put into them.

The main art of photoplay acting is to know how to weld feeling and action into one.

Nearly everyone collects something. I have been a collector all my life. At one time my fancy was for hats. And even now, the aftermath of that mad period is an overflowing bunch of headgear of all sizes, shapes and colors.

Then it was shoes. Why, I have enough shoes to cover the feet of a centipede!

At later periods I collected odd

jewelry, scarves, draperies, hair ornaments. I hear you say I am extravagant. I deny it. I plead necessity. I need all these things as theatrical "props."

I wish I could let my feminine movie fans have a peep into my treasure trunks. There I have stored all kinds of beautiful things—jeweled tiaras, feathered fans, Spanish combs, Irish lace coats, tinselled scarves, gauzy draperies of many colors, sashes of flaming silk with tassled ends, spurred boots, plumed hats.

Here is a lace jabot and there is a locket with a history. Here is an English monocle for a character part and there is a dainty Swiss jeweled watch.

Oh! there are many things I could show you, and would rejoice in it, because it would be to introduce you to—my dear collection of pretties.

(To Be Continued.)

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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

MARGIE GETS A HARD CASE OF THE BLUES

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I reached home from my visit to Mr. Hatton thoroughly exhausted, but I was glad that neither Dick nor Aunt Mary was there. I am afraid I would have told them about Mollie. I seemed to have taken so much upon myself in the shaping of their two lives, and yet, little book, I am not sure that I did anything.

Mollie, for all I could say, is determined to give up all for Mr. Hatton, and he has told me that by tomorrow morning I will have in my hand a letter from him to Mollie giving her up, that he had decided upon this letter before he saw me, that the music I heard was his requiem over his dead love. He had not at that time, of course, decided to send the letter to me to give to Mollie. I tried to dissuade him from sending the let-

ter this way, but he said as long as Mollie had given me her confidence it might help to have some one to talk to after he had gone.

How well Mr. Hatton understands a woman's nature. Mollie will be very angry with me at first, but after a while she will be glad to talk to me.

Not one word from Dick. Jack cannot be dangerously ill or he would write. His mother is nearly crazy, and, as usual, she is trying to find an excuse for him by saying that if I would write him he would answer. She does not know of the many loving letters I have written Dick when he is away from me and never have I had but one letter from him in all our married life. I have often wondered if he had been out of town before we were married if he would have written. Someway I feel rather